BY GERALD BEAUMONT, Whose Readers Mingle With the Great Thoroughbreds

eld and young, conglomerate of blood and color, drawn from the earth's corners by the lure of Fortuna.

Off in the darkness a horse stamped

restlessly, then another, and a third. A shrill equine scream of terror rang out like a bugle. Bang! Bang!—two pistol shots.

The Information Kid and Henry the Rat propped themselves on their el-A dull red glare was eating its way into the darkness that lay beyond the open half-door of the stall. Electric gongs sounded in pad-

tackle room. A pillar of flame burst

through the roof of the Waterford stables and bent, under the wind, toward the Sterling barns. Trainers, swipes and jockeys tumbled over one another in a desperate rush to turn "Take this side, Henry," yelled the by Murdoch.

Kid, "I'll take the other! Tie up one foot if they won't lead."

In the crimson-splashed darkness, men and bays struggled with blind folded horses, tugging them toward the grass infield, where they were thing queer about that fire, Henry?" For once Henry was disposed to something was actually tried to return to the inferno. Swearing through smoke-filled lungs, they
held to the blistering task.

"I don't mean that," the Kid told

wings of the north wind. Gradually, the red flare subsided, but until dawn came the great circle inside the mile track was a prison yard where kings "They did get 'em out," said Henry, track was a prison yard where kings and queens of the turf with sacks "all except Polly Oliver, and she no reckoning of loss could be made.

* * * *

THEN, in the morning, the work of a little medicine for your bum ear and don't you spill it."

"Shoot," said the Kid. neres a little medicine for your bum ear and don't you spill it."

"Shoot," said the Kid. neres and the kid. neres a little medicine for your bum ear and don't you spill it."

"Shoot," said the Kid. neres and the kid. neres and don't you spill it."

"Shoot," said the Kid. neres and the kid. neres and don't you spill it."

"The Information Kid unpealed his the kid. neres and don't you spill it."

"Shoot," said the Kid. neres and don't your bum ear and don't you spill it."

"Shoot," said the Kid. neres and don't your bum ear and don't you spill it."

"Shoot," said the Kid. neres and don't you spill it." owners across the border, and through the day others trickled in from their Sunday lay-off. Late in the afternoon there stumbled through the south gate a little shriveled old man in faded clothes. He was Jim Dunlap, known to the world of the Dunlap, known to the world of the house the same roof. Remember, Henry, what Murdoch said the same roof. Remember, Henry, what Murdoch said the same roof. paddock as "old Jimmy Whiskers." that time when old Jimmy was boast-He spotted the Information Kid ing how his filly run her half-sister sleepily munching a sandwich out-side the track restaurant. The old "I get you: he made then the word came:

"Polly?" in smoke," said the Kid "That's it, boy; and now he says he burned his hands trying to get wearily. others. I just been looking over the her out."

ternal effect on Jimmy Whiskers, and was in the last stall this way and the Kid.

he Kid.

Presently the sobs came—harsh to get her."

The Information Kid nodded ready."

The Information Kid nodded drowsily. "Right," he confirmed. "I he laid a consoling hand on

Across the lawn in their direction. came "Black" Murdoch, trainer for Baltimore Ryan, heavy between the edged Henry. do about it?" dark of visage, and darker still in and then approached, bandaged hands play no tricks.

swinging at his sides commiserated. filly out but I couldn't quite make it; near cost me my hands. Fire started mind in a way that fixed itself pernext stable to ours, you know—and we didn't have much time. Too bad— Space was at a premium, but there

shrewd gray eyes.

Murdoch's beetled eyebrows turned in

the direction of the Information Kid. but the latter was apparently engrossed in the task of rolling a igarette with one hand.

"I'm shipping to New Orleans,"
Murdoch continued. "Can't get any
accommodations here now. I'd offer
you a job. Jimmy—but the boss has given me the word to cut down. The Sheridan stables need help; see them, Jimmy-and don't take it too hard We all get our bumps, man-all get Polly Oliver's owner gave no sign

that he heard. Murdoch moved away. The Information Kid watched the trainer's retreating form until it dis-Then he eyed again the broken figure in the chair. Deep in the recesses of his whimsical imagination, the seed of a hunch was ger-

THERE was no racing that afterspent the time in a billiard hall outside the track. At dusk, he wandered back to the track and saw old Jimmy Whiskers, hat in hand, standing at the smoldering grave of his sweet-

"Huh!" grunted the Kid. "I'll tell the cockeyed world there's a picture! Believe me or no, gents-that old guy's heart is right there under them

In all truth, the Information Kid. quixotic child of the race track, had diagnosed the case correctly. Polly Oliver was worthy of any man's exquisite proportions, eyes full of fire and fervor, ears alert and slightly tapering, throat clean-cut, and small head molded after her mother, who gents-pitiful!" was in turn removed by only two generations from a mare of blessed memory, the first of her sex to lead nome a Derby field. Polly was by the of Jimmy Whiskers, and the latter and she was a bay, which is held by many to be more truly the Arab stock

galloping on the Ryan stock farm, old Jimmy Whiskers showed up one day with \$5,000, accumulated over a him by Maltimore Ryan as a reward almost hear her walking towards me. for long and faithful toil in the latter's I ain't crazy." Out of the twenty sleek and well groomed youngsters he selected agreed. "If you feel that strong Lady Fidelity's daughter and led her about her, it's a hunch, and you're away triumphantly. Not until six perfectly right in playin' it that way.
months afterward did old Jimmy "You see, Kid, she was my horse Whiskers learn that "Black" Mur- and she got so she could talk to doch had hidden away from him that me—" day a half-sister to Polly Oliver, out "Talk?" day a half-sister to Polly Oliver, out

HE Queen of Night looked down of a different mother, but sired by

ing on the right hand ankle.

The romance between Polly Oliver and her new owner began with the first caress of his wrinkled hand and the responsive nudge of her velvet muzzle against his shoulder in the seclusion of a box car. The man had no other interest in life; no other hope; no other love. All his years he had lived with horses, feeding them, rubbing them, blanketing them fondling them—but this was the first he had ever owned.

dock, grandstand and a score of stables. The light grew brighter, and a watchman flashed past, shouting as the ran:

| Own continued in past of the past of the past that in the classic Nursery Stakes, fifteen two-year-olds lined up at the barrier for their maiden scramble, and Polly "Get 'em out, boys! Get 'em out!

Oliver, ridden by "Bubbles" Jackson, sixteen and chocolate-hued, came home in front at 20 to 1. Six lengths behind was Lantana, the very same half-sister so zealously hidden away by "Black" Murdoch. Subsequent workouts left little doubt that Polly Oliver, under the handling of Jimmy Whiskers, was destined to prove a better horse than the one retained All these things and a few others

were in the mind of the Information Kid. That night he broached the

run wild as terror prompted. Train-ers, armed with brooms, stood at the gates, beating back the horses that was shooting craps in the Waterford

Relief came in half an hour on the him. "What I'm getting at is this: rings of the north wind. Gradually, Seems like they had plenty of time

over their heads galloped amuck, and don't belong to the string. I guess they forgot about her. Dunlap was away.

side the track restaurant. The old "I get you; he made a crack about man's lips worked mutely a moment, Polly running her next race in the morgue if he had his way about it never saw a guy so sore.

"Whoops!" scoffed the Rat. "He

A bullet through the heart might probably burned his hands tying her ave produced much the same exin! Now that I think of it, the filly

gotesquely from the diaphragm and racked old Jimmy's frame.

"My—Polly—Oliver!" he choked.
"Gone—Polly Oliver!" he choked.
"Gone—Polly Oliver!"

Across the lawn in their direction.

Across the lawn in their direction. leave it!"

"Pretty good tip at that," acknowl- old head up. And if you got a good "What you going to hunch-ride it, bo, ride it!"

For several days the Information can soil.

nice little filly-figured to be a queen was an empty stall in the Sheridan

all right. I was wondering if you Barns, where the owner of Polly had her insured?"

Oliver was now working as a groom. Something in the trainer's voice The Information Kid, on his eterrect at Murdoch a swift look from this gap in the ranks of horseflesh.

Around the corner of the barn came

Dunlap, quiet and unobtrusive as

"H'lo, Jimmy," the Kid greeted. "What belongs in bere?" The old man turned placid eyes upon the hustler.

"Your stall? You got another norse?"

"Nope, never will own but one, I at night that if I was to get up and guess. She's good enough for me, just walk, and walk, and walk until Kid good enough for old Jimmy." He disappeared into an adjoining stall, and clucked persuasively to a to meet me." black gelding. The Information Kid stared blankly a moment, and then to say: went in search of Steve Borrell, who

trained for Sheridan. "Say," he demanded, "what's the dan outfit and stick close to Polly's idea of old Jimmy Whiskers renting stall at nights, so you won't miss hat empty stall?"

Borrell spread his hands deprecat- I'll hunt you up when we get to New "I'm just humoring him. He's Orleans." ngly. a good man around horses, and most noon, and the Information Kid swipes are cuckoo about something anve in his memory, and paying for it out of his wages. It's either that or the long black box for the old fool. I figure it will wear off.

"I'm giving Captain Adams on his works. He's been getting bad rides. If they switch to a good boy this afternoon, look out."

Borrell nodded and moved away. "Well." mused the Information Kid. "Til tell the cock-eyed world a race trust him around my horses. If he track is a funny place. Think of a guy paying out his wages on an empty stall, and fitting it out with dead. Pitful, says I-that's the word,

IN the succeeding days the Informaresponded by unbosoming himself of the idea that was keeping the old

man alive. when Polly Oliver was a yearling, alloping on the Ryan stock farm, talking right here, some night I'll "You mark my words, Kid," he said wake up and see Polly Oliver standing outside her stall, waiting for me an option on the nursery class, given to let her in. Seemed like I could

> "Of course, you ain't," the Kid "You see, Kid, she was my horse

until I come along. Then Polly she looks at me with those beautiful eyes of hers, and whimpered a bit—and I just seemed to know there was a foxtail in her nose. Polly told me; just "Well," said at Rat, "he ought to the brightening sky.

happened the night of the fire. I was

"Think so, Kid? Some times I feel

I couldn't go any farther—Polly would come the balance of the way

Jimmy's auditor deemed it advisable

"Don't do nothing like that. Just

work nice and pretty for the Sheri-

when she comes looking for you, see?

But, when the new arrivals were

Jimmy Whiskers and the vacant stall

saw the filly burn up, with my own

eyes. Got the scars yet from trying

to get her out. I wouldn't encourage

what he's liable to do. I wouldn't

a nut like that. Steve. No telling

says Polly Oliver to me, I'll crown

"You may be right at that," he admitted. "The old man seems to be

getting worse. Guess I'd better let

"Don't you mind that guy, old-

Mexican and profane.

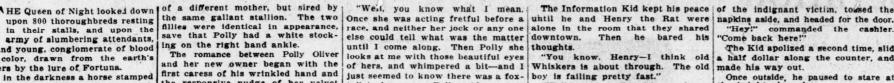
the necessity of dismissing Jimmy What a beautiful thought!"

Borrell pursed his lips thoughtfully.

that was reserved for Polly Oliver.

settled in the park outside

like I knew something terrible had take a shot at Murdoch before he



"Cat's whisker!" he breathed,



goes. They tell me Polly's half-sister he was, had come to certain conclupretty near turning the trick

'Yeah, how's that?' weeks. I was talking to a stable strolled down to Jimmy Whisker's hermitage. tana's been a different horse ever The old man was sitting on a stool since the fire. Works fine, but goes in the fading sunlight, plaiting a bit crazy if she hears Murdoch's voice— of rope. He nodded a return to the sweats and trembles oll over. Blackie Kid's greeting. has to signal his orders to the exer-

in a theater, and I got right up and come out. But I missed the night it's all off."

"Still got to signal his orders to the exer-filled, Jimmy?"

Livs all off."

"Still got to signal his orders to the exer-filled, Jimmy?"

Dunlap's lip. train and had to lay over. Now, I'm train and na na to lay over.

The Information Kia was thrilled, but there don't seem nothing else for me to do but just sit here and wait mig to find her way home, and that's "Lantana knows what happened to me to do but just sit here and wait." The Information Kid was thrilled. her sister. A horse can see things Last night I dreamed about Polly that we can't. I tell you, Henry— again. I was in the paddock with her-and she was joint going to the

Rat drowsily, "I hope she croaks talkin' to her-talking to-talkin'." That's muh rule of life, pal-keep the He stopped and bent his head.

"Nothing." said the Kid, "and you stall and patiently awaited the time the stall awaited the stall awaited the time the stall awaited the stall awaited the stall awaite dark of visage, and darker stiff in Nothing, said the Kid, and you stail and patiently awaited the miracu-his ways. He saw the crumpled fig-do the same, see? Just stick it in the when Polly Oliver should rise miracu-old hat band and don't let the wind lously from the mass of scorched flesh perched shivering on the top rail, and bones long since buried in Mexi- watch in hand, drearily performing this sides.

For several days the blocklines, tough luck. Jimmy." he ted. "I tried to get your at I couldn't quite make it; The matter was recalled to whip and spurs. Some stables were from canter to full stride as it passed that point. Automatically, the Kid's to Tia Juana, but the majority looked thumb pressed downward. The watch northward to winter quarters on clicked, and across its surface a hand home soil. The Sheridan string was moved jerkily. Presently the muffled scheduled to campaign at New Or- heat of hoofs sounded into the stretch and a little later a single horse came "Going to follow the stable, Jim- flashing along the rail, its rider sitprompted the Information Kid to dinal quest for knowledge, came upon my?" questioned the Information Kid. ting low in the saddle. They were this gap in the ranks of noiseless.

The feedbox had been recently replenished and a fresh bucket of water.

Dunlap's head wagged a dull negative was placed just outside. New blanwas placed just outside. New bland tive.

"Too bad," said Murdoch. "You kets hung over the half door and should have protected yourself, Jim! on the wall there was a new halter ornamented by a faded bow of gray were misty and his face was down-cast. It was going to be hard for

"It's Lantana, all right," the Kid tion once he had turned his back on muttered. "Murdock is up to his old the spot where he had last seen his tricks. Two races in which she doesn't show a thing, and now, "Distance don't mean nothing to a stake horse," the Kid comforted. "She could come to New Orleans just they'll turn on the speed faucet in

balder, gents-I'll have the answer in you." The hustler's manner was impres my lily white mitt." But it was three days before the sive. Murdoch arose and followed Information Kid, smart hustler that his visitor to the sidewalk. and overpowered him. He looked up to was, had come to certain conclu- "Now," said the Kid, "you had the to recognize Baltimore Ryan, his em-

"Still got the old fodder-trough

Dunlap's lips quivered. "Reckon

The Information Kid lit a cigarette

"It's a hunch, pal-it's a sure-fire

Dreamed about her myself

and spoke rapidly.

sions; three days of cautious manright dope about old Jimmy Whiskers being dangerous. That empty stall euvering that finally brought him to The Information Kid was inter- the point where nothing remained is the bunk, understand? You've but a take-a-chance bet with the posbeen heading for a sweet little death "Kicked Murdoch in the ribs, and sibility of dire consequences. On the right along, and you never got wise, put him in the hospital for three afternoon of the third day, he Come with me, and you'll learn some-Murdoch's swarthy visage blanched.

"What are you handing me?" growled. "I'm handing you the best tip you

ever got in your life," the Kid assured him. "Don't you ask no mor questions, but come with me, and I'll show you the world's champion The Kid had judged his man corbut there don't seem nothing else for

rectly. Murdoch accompanied him, asking quistions as he went along. "Keep your shirt on," the hustler old him. "You'll see the whole thing in a minute."

They turned in through the gate, showing their badges to a watchman, colors plaited in her name-and I was and walked north in the darknes until they came to the Sheridan barns.
The Kid took his companion by the "In here," he directed, "and for

heaven's sake, don't strike no matches. It's the third stall on the "I thought the old fool had moved

out of here," said Murdoch. Now, can you make out what's under

"I can't see. It's too dark."

"Bend down like I am. Now feel his audience.
what I got in my hands."

fingers groped along the Kid's arms, with what was called "an afterpiece," stnister click. The spasmodic up-ward fling of the trainer's arms was says, ward fling of the trainer's arms was says, up to n "The Stage Struck Rar-Landry Barbeau, just see where cloth, with a sponge as gag, was passed swiftly over Murdoch's mouth give an imitation of Kean in Cardiand tied in back. He struggled desperate against a rope that was drawn charge you five dollars, either." So tight around his angles-lost his balformation Kid left the stall, walked gestures and lackadaisical manner along the corridor and turned on a wall light. Then he came back and surveyed his captive.

Some little frame-up ain't it, pal?" he leered, and in his voice there was note that struck terror to the heart of Murdoch. Guttural pleadings es caped from the sponge and wrappings. "No use," said the Kid. "From now

Kid leaned calmly against the wooden partition and parrated the romance of an old man and his lost love. It was a curious version, embroidered with phrases that the narrator had absorbed from the Arabian Nights, and interspersed with the whimsica slang of the race track. And it startling as the setting in which it The Information Kid wagged a finger at his sole auditor. "And so, Murdoch-the old guy is

just hanging on from day to waiting for Polly Oliver. crazy,' says you, and of course vou're right. The little filly is under the dirt in Mexico. You let her burn And just because you did, palbecause Polly can't come back to Jimmy Whiskers, you're going to the same place she went, and you're go-

* * * * THE figure on on the floor threshed I in a convulsion of protest. The Information Kid disappeared a moment and came back with an armful of straw. He vanished again, and re turned carrying a five-gallon coal-oil can, the contents of which he emptied on the floor and walls of th stall. The cold liquid soaked through "Til do it." he decided. "Shoot the whole works." says I, "play your horse right on his old smeller, and if doch. From one pocket the Kid produced the stump of a candle. He lit it, and gingerly made a place for the flaming wax in a corner where it could burn down to within reach of

Presently the Kid retraced his

truth foamed from his lips.

"She's alive—I tell you! Polly's Listen, Kid, listen!

"You're a liar," said the Kid "Polly's dead." Murdoch's head rolled in frenzied

negative. "I switched 'em," he gasped, "switched 'em during the fire. I tell you I did. I tied Lantana in her siscovered up her white stockings with dve and then bandages. Forty to one next Saturday. Don't squeal, Kid—and we'll split. There a fortune in it for both of us. Let me up Kid. brown hair lost color gradually, changing to a streaky white. The Information Kid drew a deep

breath. "What could be fairer?" he said,

liquid on the floor. Murdoch hunched away. pleasantly. "This straw burn now on a bet. Blackie, you Ryan walking at his side. ain't got much nerve after all. You never should have asked old Jimmy whether he had Polly insured. You were scared that if she was covered some of these insurance wisheimers would want proof before they paid their dough out. You made a second

half-mile in 47 without first putting

knockout drops in muh coffee. Yea bo! Lantana couldn't work quite that fast on this track." He loosened the leather strap wall. The door yielded to the key, found it, and the handcuffs the Kid's throat. opened. Murdoch stretched his brawny arms and then lashed out with a doubled fist. The Information Kid crumpled against the wall.

"That's where you made your mistake," grunted Murdoch, and was in the act of swinging again, when three figures rushed from the adjoining stall and overpowered him. He looked up ployer. The two other men were clad in the uniform of track police. Ryan's eyes were ablaze, for the gentleman from Baltimore was a sportsman of the first water.

steps. Apparently he wished to as- ! "Murdoch," said Ryan grimly, sure himself that the gag was still "these men will take you as far as secure. He fumbled clumsily a moment, and then the sponge and cloth of you trying to enter any race track slipped from place. Murdoch strove in America as long as you live. Now, desperately to fight off the gag. The unless this young man has a charge to prefer against you--"

"Huh!" said the Kid. "That guy" alive! I didn't burn her, Kid-let me will remember me without no further

help."
"All right," said Ryan. "Take him. out of here before I kill him." A few minutes later, the sportsman from Baltimore and the Information gasped, Kid made their way to Lantana's stall, where a two-year-old bay flexed dainty ears forward and back, and you I did. I tied Lantana in her sis-ter's stall. Took Polly away and ter's stall. Took Polly away and covered up her white stockings with duced a knife, slit the bandages from the fally's right hind leg and rubbed the hair gently with a sponge soaked in turpentine. Ryan directed the rays of a pocket lamp downward.

"That's enough," said Ryan. "It's Polly, all right, and for the sake of , old Jimmy I'm mighty glad of it." affirmed the "You're a sport," and knocked the candle into a pool of hustler. "Let's take her where she

belongs. He slipped a halter over Polly's "Only water," assured the Kid handsome head, and led the daughter of Lady Fidelity out on the tanbark.

> NIGHT'S soft hands had smoothed away the wrinkles of dilapidations from the old park. Hustler and mil-lionaire paused outside the hermitage of Old Jimmy Whiskers. Polly Oliver raised her head interrogatively and stared at her surroundings.

"Here, you hold her," said the Kid. He tiptoed toward the open half-He tiptoed toward the open half-door of a stall where a bow of gray and lavender ribbon hung on the around Murdoch's legs and the latter arose clumsily, holding out his manacled wrists. The Kid felt for asleep on the floor. A lump rose in "Gee," he breathed, "I'm sure goin

to get a swell kick out of this! just like them tales in the book. How does that one start now? Oh. ye-ah-'Praise be to Allah, the Benefi cent King. Lord of the Three Worlds Blessing be upon our Lord Mohammer and upon his Family and Companion Train. It has reached me, O Auspi clous King-He bent down and shook the o

man gently by the shoulder.

"Hey, Jimmy," he whispered. "Wake up, oldtimer. Polly Oliver's com-

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When Webster Sang

(Continued from First Page.)

shouts of laughter, and the audience settled down in a much better humor, disposed to suffer it out, while the the audience. actors put much more vim in their acting.

In the spring of 1866, Mr. and Mrs.

In those days it was no unusual

Murdoch's body bent forward. His thing to wind up the performance give an imitation of Kean in Cardinal Wolsey, and added, "I will not perfectly did he imitate Kean's voice, that he was rapturously cheered, for the five-dollar victims of the Englishman.

O'NE night a musical company, the Hutchinson family, if I remember rightly, gave a concert, consisting mostly of old-time ballads. They on, I'm going to do all the talking, introduced as one of their numbers a I'm going to tell you the story of new song, that is, it was new to Jimmy Whiskers and the empty stall Washingtonians, entitled "Way Down that he's been keeping for a dead in Maine." It was in a manner de scriptive of what had, or what would And there in the semi-darkness, the take place, the last line of each verse, "Way down in Maine," fixing the locality. The song at once became tremendously popular with the street gamins especially. They hummed it whistled it, sang it on the streets, and pounded it out on the iron lampposts; the girls whanged it out on their planos and thrummed it on their guied a conclusion as fantastic and tars. So universal was its popularity that you could hardly get out of the sound of it day or night. It drove into exile the former favorite, "Shoo

fly, Don't Bodder Me."

larity came a season of Shakespeare for the good people of Washington of those days still admired the old English bard and enjoyed his plays One night Romeo and Juliet was or the boards and was played to an audience which filled every part of the auditorium. It was an apprecia tive audience, freely applauding, and the actors were in their best style Both audience and actors appeared to be pleased with each other and all went swimmingly, no one dreaming of the disaster which awaited them from the gallery. Juliet, nearly crazed over the non-appearance of her lover, came on the stage, wringing her hands. Presently, in that heart-wailing tone supposed to be the correct thing, she cried out: "Romeo! Romeo! Where art thou?" The information came as quick as flash from the galleries, when a god sang out in the proper nasal tone.

The thought that Romeo was hiding in the pine regions of our most northeastern state was too much for the audience and too much the audience with bursts of laughter,

while the actors were amazed, dumfounded, and poor Juliet looked as was so pertinent and appropriate if she had been turned into stone After a time quiet was restored and the stage, that it was greeted with the play went on, but if there was any tragedy in Romeo and Juli that night it was not apparent

of those olden days in Grover's The Charles Kean, the English tragedians, quick wit of an actress turned a gal while making one of their "farewell lery interruption that might other tours," visited Washington, booked to wise have been embarassing into Cardinal Wolsey, and his wife as Maggie Mitchell and the play wa Catherine. They were both growing "Fanchon." Maggie, in her day, was old, and Mr. Kean was showing great absolutely matchless and always drew loss of vitality. The tickets had been a crowded house. At the time re disposed of at \$5 a seat, and they had ferred to she was playing a two-week a crowded house. The play dragged engagement at Grover's. Those who "That's the point." retorted the Kid. along wearily, and in the scene be-"He's moving back. Here we are. tween the cardinal and Cromwell the that Fanchon had a lover, one Langreat tragedian drawled through his dry Barbeau. Landry was persisten part in a lazy and indolent manner, and aggressive, while Fanchon was to the disappointment and disgust of willing but shy. In one scene Landry finally gets an arm around Fanchon's waist. She, apparently not aware of the fact, continues to fight shy, untifinally, just as if she had noted it for and suddenly encountered cold steel this generally taking the form of a that impresoned both wrists with a low comedy. A few nights after the first time, she sees Landry's hand that impresoned both wrists with a low comedy. A few nights after A few nights after under her left arm, and with a look ward fling of the trainer's arms was checked by a chain that connected ber" as an afterpiece. After givhandcuffs to fodder trough. At almost the same instant, a light dustactors, the barber advanced to the

> The gods in the galleries had been watching every movement of Maggie with the most intense earnestness for Maggie's playing was always superb, and when one of them noticed Landry, slipping his arm around the waist of Fanchon, he cried out to one of his chums, "Say, Jim, he's got her." Quick as light Maggie flashed her eyes toward the gallery, and in a tone of loving and complete surrender, before the audience had time to note the interruption, said, "Yes, Jim. guess he has," and then she nestled a little closer to her lover. The audience recognized the quick

wit and exquisite acting of Maggie and greeted her with round after round of applause.

Manufacturing Icicles. THERE is practised in certain

places abroad a singular method of making ice from pure water. A wooden structure about twenty feet high and twenty feet square and open at the top and sides is provided in the center with a tube connected with a water main by which water can be raised to the top and the sprayed around by a rotating disk The water falls upon two open floors each consisting of eighteen beams widely spaced, one at the top of the structure and one half-way down. Freezing weather being chosen for the operation the water dripping from the beams rapidly forms icicles and in very cold weather the mass of ice thus created sometimes amounts to 700 cubic feet in a single

"Bat-Wing" Airplane.

BUILDERS of the "bat-wing" airplane designed the craft to over come the resistance of struts, wires and fuselage that in the usual type quarters of the engine power. The improved design is a great doublechambered aerofoil that terminates at right and left in the conventional ailerons and that tapers in the rear to a tail that has the usual elevator and rudder. The aerofoil measures 100 feet from tip to tip and swells in the front to a thickness of seven feet. In that bulge is a cabin thirty feet long, eight feet wide and six feet in height. This plane is an internally trussed cantilever structure covered with wood veneer so tough

whiskers. From a stall just back of where the two men had been standing Polly's owner had overheard the conversation. The next day he voluntarily moved his belongings to a what a beautiful indugate. He made his way soberly to the way soberly to the way soberly to the way soberly to the made his way soberly to the way soberly to the way soberly to the made his way soberly to the way so the way soberly to the way so the "Atta ol' boy!" said the Kid. "Just barn at the extreme end of the grounds, and thereafter shunned a cup of hot coffee into the lap of a on up the track and paused around human intercourse as much as pos-sible. The Information Kid learned "May the Lord bless t the reason for this move, and ex- the World," he gasped, quoting from

pressed his sentiments concerning his beloved Arabian Nights. Murdoch in three languages, English, servant beats your commands on his you can't bear to watch it, close your eyes 'til it's over!" "Say, what's the idea?" protested timer," he said to Dunlap. "He's just the recipient of the coffee. "You look-afraid Polly will come back and beat ing for a crack in the jaw, or

Constitution

I'm pretty near to Polly—pretty near ed. "I just thought of something."
the end of the trail, Kid." Mechanically, he swabbed the trousers

last night. Told Henry the Rat there was somethin' doing. 'Fat chance says he. 'Never mind,' says I. There's ing in the very same way." before he starts something." the Juvenile Stakes next Saturday. lots of funny things happen on But Sheridan's trainer was spared Forty to one and their money back. track. Keep the old head up just a little bit longer, Jimmy-keep the home fires burnin' for Polly Oliver." "I will," said Jimmy Whiskers "She was my horse."

AT DUSK HE SAW OLD JIMMY

WHISKERS STANDING AT THE

SMOLDERING GRAVE OF HIS SWEETHEART.

"I'll do it!" he decided. "Shoot the

AT 10 o'clock that night, the In-formation Kid entered the lobby grimly at his victim.

"You have my best regards," he adstable entrance to the track, and monished softly, "and may your con-made his way to the side of Black science guide you. So long."

antana."
"She'll do it, too," said Jimmy The Information Kid blinked of the little hotel just outside the "Kid, something tells me stupidly. "Excuse me, pal." he plead- stable entrance to the track, and

for the players and was greeted by that the wing surfaces can be walk-